

STUART MARTIN asks "Was George Edalji guilty" or did the person go unpunished who was the fiendish

## MAIMER OF CATTLE IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

"Happy Birthday—'Chicken!'"



That's the cry that went round the dining-room in No. 2 Goswick Avenue, Newcastle. It was at a party only attended by Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, their daughter May, and her husband, who was spending a few days' leave from the Royal Engineers.

The occasion was to celebrate "Chicken" Henry Dunn's 23rd birthday. For over nine months he had been away on submarines, and his birthday cake had waited since a few weeks before the 3rd of March, the actual date of his birth. In these days the cakes won't last long, and Mum and Pop decided to have the party, but to keep a chunk of cake for "Chicken" when he arrived home. A gate-crasher at the party was Judy, a Scotch terrier, who would not be kept out of the fun. It's quite a long time since she arrived in Goswick Avenue in the pocket of "Chicken's" coat.

This picture was specially taken for Able Seaman Harry Dunn of his birthday party, and it shows Mum putting a chunk of cake aside for Harry. There'll be another party when you get home, Harry!

## Have you sent Peggy your picture?

RECEIVING letters and photographs from men in the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, and sending them cheerful messages in return, has become a war-time hobby of 22-year-old Peggy Robinson, a Grimsby secretary.

Peggy is attached to a seamen's institution, and her work brings her into touch with sailors of almost every nationality.

She has probably the largest collection of seamen's letters and photographs owned by any girl in Great Britain. And more still roll in, making additional work for an already hard-worked pen. It is a rule of Peggy's never to receive word of a sailor without sending a reply.

"Since the war I have come into contact with practically every race of seamen fighting or helping in the Allied cause," Peggy told "Good Morning."

"Hundreds of them, when they have visited my office or I have paid them a call in hospital, have asked me to write home for them. I have always regarded this as just a little service anyone might do, but from all parts of the world I still get letters from men, thanking me for what I have done for them. Some of the letters come from men I have never even met, but who have heard about me from their pals. I appreciate these letters just as much as those from old friends, and I reply to them just the same.

"I feel I can never send too many cheerful messages to men at sea, no matter whether I know them personally or not."

Among Peggy's collection of letters are some from Danish, French, Belgian and Spanish seamen. The latter seamen arrived in this country at the outbreak of war. They joined the British Mercantile Marine, were taken prisoner by the

Germans, and now write regularly from an internment camp.



Pretty Peggy Robinson, of Grimsby, preparing one of her weekly batches of cheerful letters to men at sea.

IN the middle of 1907 the Black Country outrages began.

The Black Country of England may be so called, but it did then, and still does, constitute an important grazing ground for cattle. During the nights somebody in that summer went out, armed with a sharp knife of a peculiar kind, and deliberately maimed cattle and horses in the fields.

Cattle owners and horse owners at first set a watch. The maimings continued.

The police were called in. They watched. Still the maimings continued.

Was this a maniac who came out to destroy animals under cover of darkness? That was the first theory. It was abandoned when the police began to get letters, signed "The Wyrley Gang," telling them actually where future outrages would take place. And the outrages took place.

Farmers and horse owners reared in indignation. Some of them sat up all night by their animals, shotguns in hand. They sat up in vain. And the maiming carried on.

But the police were watching more than the fields. They were watching the letters that came in. At last one arrived, which, in being examined, was found to have a name and address faintly written in pencil and then rubbed out. The letter was enclosed in two envelopes, one inside the other, and the name and address were on the inner one.

### An arrest

The police arrested the man whose name was thus revealed to them. He was Mr. George Edalji, who had offices in Birmingham and practised as a solicitor.

George Edalji was the son of the vicar of Great Wyrley, and his home was there. The letter referred again to "The Wyrley Gang." The arrest of George Edalji took place after a certain amount of watching of his home. He was charged with the maiming outrages.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the trial. One of the witnesses for the prosecution swore that the wounds inflicted on the cattle and horses could have been committed by

a razor—one of the old-type "cut-throat" razors.

Another witness, a veterinary surgeon, swore that the wounds inflicted were likely to have been caused by "a stiff-handled, curved weapon that would afford a firm grip."

### Found guilty

George Edalji was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He went to prison protesting his innocence.

Conan Doyle, among others, investigated the case, and was positive that Edalji was innocent. He told me that he had spent much time on the investigation, and was positive of his conclusion; but the police, and

had been cut, not by a knife, but by a piece of glass. Still, who was the cunning maimer and how was it that he could not be caught?

### Edalji released

A new investigation was ordered into the series of crimes, which had now been going on for four years. In addition to the new circumstances created by the recurrence of the outrages, new facts in favour of Edalji came to light.

The result was that His Majesty was advised by the Home Office to grant George Edalji a "free pardon" for the crimes which, it was admitted, he could not have committed.



the Home Office, did not listen to the creator of Sherlock Holmes.

### The crimes resumed

With Edalji in prison, everybody thought that the maiming would cease. But a month had not passed when the Black Country again got a shock. A horse was maimed during the night, just as others had been maimed.

The owner of this horse was Mr. Harry Green, and he was a neighbour of Edalji. Well, Edalji was in prison, so he couldn't have done it. The public began to wonder if, after all, the law had sent another innocent man to unmerited punishment.

The whole country rang with the pros and cons of the maiming. Farmers and cattle owners near and around Birmingham, and throughout the Black Country and beyond, were alarmed. So were the police, but for a different reason.

Complication followed complication. A report was issued that Green had confessed to the police that he himself had committed the latest crime. Following this came a vehement declaration by Green that he had "confessed" under conditions that can only be called "third degree"; and he retracted this "confession."

### Complications

Things looked awkward—for the police; for although there was the suggestion that Green had committed the latest outrage, it was alleged that Green had done so in order that Edalji could bring evidence for appeal. The tangle got worse, the whole country was aroused. Was the real criminal still at large?

Then Green, after all the publicity, left England for South Africa. Did that close the question? It did not. For within a few days of Green's departure, a horse owned by Councillor Rogers was maimed at night.

Again experts were called in. Horsebreeders were consulted. It was alleged that this horse

But even that was not the end. The release of Edalji was followed by another outbreak of outrages.

Edalji being now beyond suspicion, the police hunted high and low, day and night. Detectives made inquiries everywhere. Farmers again sat up at nights, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, watching their flocks.

Not a clue. Not a skulking individual in the darkness was seen. People in country districts began to be afraid of going out after dusk lest they would be followed and accused.

The outrages ceased—for five years. They broke out again in 1912, and ran an alarming course until the autumn of 1913. And again the letters were sent to the police, signed "The Wyrley Gang."

The police were positive that no such gang existed. They were equally positive that the writer of the letters was a man of some education who tried to disguise his handwriting by pretending that he was somewhat illiterate.

Another lapse in the maiming occurred until 1915. In the autumn of that year, when World War No. 1 was on, occurred the last outrage. There have been no more since. The cattle and horses of the Black Country have been left in peace.

But the police were baffled completely. The criminal couldn't have been Edalji. He couldn't have been Green. That was admitted. And yet . . . and yet . . .

There are certain individuals who find some kind of satisfaction to their warped minds in imitating a (for the time being) puzzling crime. Scotland Yard has had much experience of that sort of thing.

I know who Conan Doyle believed was the criminal in the original outrages. I know who the police believed was the criminal. But it is not always possible to make the charge. Our law is funny that way.

## Periscope Page

# WANGLING WORDS 42

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, before and after the letters IFI, and make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the following sets of letters to make the names of well-known British towns: MORREC, NOBLOT, AACIRRSST, ADEGLNR.
- 3.—Can you change COLT into MARE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: SEND into POST, PEAR into CORE, NOTE into SONG.
- 4.—How many four-letter words can you make from the letters in the word DELINEATION?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 41

1. INGRAIN.
2. BE-AM, AN-ON, SO-ME.
3. CART, PART, PERT, PENT, BENT, BEND, BOND, POND, PONY.
4. BULB, BULL, BALL, BALD, BAND, BANE, CANE, CAME, CAMP, LAMP.
5. BITE, MITE, MINE, MIND, MEND, MEAD, LEAD, LOAD, LOAF.
6. MEAN, MOAN, MOAT, MORT, MORE, MARE, MACE, RACE, RICE, RICH.
7. DAISY, DAHLIA, NASTURTIUM, COLUMBINE.

## LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

## PUZZLE

### CORNER

S	R	L	H	A	C	N
S	R	E	A	T	R	T
E	A	R	L	E	W	R
W	E	A	C	H	N	E
N	N	A	E	M	I	E
A	S	N	E	S	H	V
A	G	S	S	W	O	O

The names of some famous football teams are on this chart. All you have to do is to read down each column from top to bottom and piece together the jumbled letters. Can you spot them?

(Solution in No. 81)



IN the midst of the wood was the hallowed "hoolah hoolah" ground—set apart for the celebration of the fantastical religious ritual of these people—comprising an extensive oblong pi-pi, terminating at either end in a lofty terraced altar, guarded by ranks of hideous wooden idols, and with the two remaining sides flanked by ranges of bamboo sheds, opening towards the interior of the quadrangle thus formed. Vast trees, standing in the middle of this space, and throwing over it an umbrageous shade, had their massive trunks built round with slight stages, elevated a few feet above the ground, and railed in with canes, forming so many rustic pulpits, from which the priests harangued their devotees.

This holiest of spots was defended from profanation by the strictest edicts of the all-pervading "taboo," which condemned to instant death the sacrilegious female who should enter or touch its sacred precincts, or even so much as press with her feet the ground made holy by the shadows that it cast.

Access was had to the enclosure through an embowered entrance on one side, facing a number of towering cocoa-nut trees, planted at intervals along a level area of a hundred yards.

R	O	P	E
W	I	R	E

## WORD LADDER

Can you change ROPE to WIRE in the space given, changing one letter at each step?

(Solution in No. 81)

Solution to Well-Known Towns Puzzle in No. 79.  
LIVERPOOL  
EDINBURGH  
LEICESTER  
DONCASTER  
MAIDSTONE  
SALISBURY  
WORCESTER  
CAMBRIDGE  
SOUTHPORT

By HERMAN MELVILLE

open, and from one end to the other ran a narrow verandah, fenced in on the edge of the pi-pi with a picket of canes.

Its interior presented the appearance of an immense lounging-place, the entire floor being strewn with successive layers of mats, lying between parallel trunks of cocoa-nut trees, selected for the purpose from the straightest and most symmetrical the vale afforded.

To this building, denominated in the language of the natives, the "Ti," Mehevi now conducted us. Thus far we had been accompanied by a troop of the natives of both sexes; but as soon as we approached its vicinity, the females gradually separated themselves from the crowd, and standing aloof, permitted us to pass on. The merciless prohibitions of the taboo extended likewise to this edifice, and were enforced by the same dreadful penalty that secured the hoolah hoolah ground from the imaginary pollution of a woman's presence.

On entering the house, I was surprised to see six muskets ranged against the bamboo on one side, from the barrels of which depended as many small canvas pouches, partly filled with powder. Disposed about these muskets, like the cutlasses that decorate the bulkhead of a man-of-war's cabin, were a great variety of rude spears and paddles, javelins, and war-clubs. This then, said I to Toby, must be the armoury of the tribe.

As we advanced farther along the building, we were struck with the aspect of four or five hideous old wretches, on whose decrepid forms time and tattooing seemed to have obliterated every trace of humanity. Owing to the continued operation of this latter process, which only terminates among the warriors of the island after all the figures stretched upon their limbs in youth have been blended together, the bodies of these men were of a uniform dull green colour—the hue which the tattooing gradually assumes as the individual advances in age.

Their skin had a frightful scaly appearance, which, united with its singular colour, made their limbs not a little resemble dusty specimens of verde-antique. Their flesh, in parts, hung upon them in huge folds, like the over-

lapping plaits on the flank of a rhinoceros.

Their heads were completely bald, whilst their faces were puckered into a thousand wrinkles, and they presented no vestige of a beard. But the most remarkable peculiarity about them was the appearance of their feet; the toes, like the radiating lines of the mariner's compass, pointed to every quarter of the horizon.

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



## SURFACE SHARKS ARE TWO DEEP.

One of the most unusual pictures taken of a school of sharks near Cape Town. The photographer's plane was about 80 feet above the surface when the sharks came along in two-deep formation. In the ordinary way sharks swim line ahead, but this school may have been going in to attack in the new formation. Or they may have got infected with the military spirit and were just doing drill. The largest of the bunch was estimated to be about 15 feet long.

This was doubtless attributable to the fact, that during nearly a hundred years of existence the said toes never had been subjected to any artificial confinement, and in their old age, being averse to close neighbourhood, bid one another keep open order.

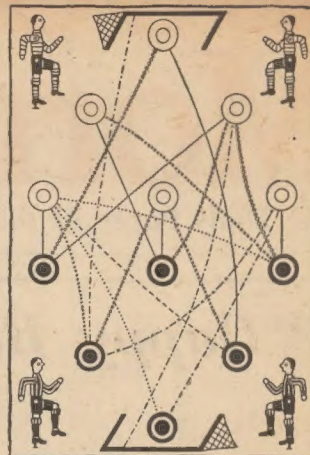
These repulsive-looking creatures appeared to have lost the use of their lower limbs altogether; sitting upon the floor cross-legged, in a state of torpor. They never heeded us in the least, scarcely looking conscious of our presence, while Mehevi seated us upon the mats, and Kory-Kory gave utterance to some unintelligible gibberish.

In a few moments, a boy entered with a wooden trencher of poe-poe; and in regaling myself with its contents, I was obliged again to submit to the officious intervention of my indefatigable servitor. Various other dishes followed, the chief manifesting the most hospitable importunity in pressing us to partake, and to remove all bashfulness on our part, set us no despicable example in his own person.

The repast concluded, a pipe was lighted, which passed from mouth to mouth, and yielding to its soporific influence, the quietude of the place, and the deepening shadows of approaching night,

## FOOTBALL

Six-a-side football can be played as a game for two or used as a maze. Choose a side, and begin at the Centre - Forward position. You then travel over the given lines till you score a goal. The ball goes from one side to the other, alternately—there is no "passing." Who will win—Black or White?



## QUIZ for today

1. What is a terrapin?
2. Who wrote (a) "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," (b) "How doth the little busy bee"?
3. Which of these words is an "intruder," and why? Sempstress, Matron, Parlourmaid, Soldier, Mother, Policewoman.
4. When was the first cricket club formed in England?
5. Is Malta mentioned in the Bible?
6. How many States are there in U.S.A.?
7. Of what places are the inhabitants called (a) Mancunians, (b) Venetians?
8. What is a Love Apple?
9. Who was Quasimodo?
10. How many times does the figure 9 appear in the twelve-times table?
11. What were the Christian names of Henry VIII's wives?
12. What are the Queensberry Rules, and who was their author?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 79

1. A tropical fish which hops across the mud on its fins.
2. (a) Lord Macaulay, (b) Sir Walter Scott.
3. Good Friday is not a legal bank holiday; the others are.
4. 1910, September.
5. Berwickshire.
6. General Sir Samuel James Browne, died 1901.
7. A period of play at polo.
8. The seed of an East Indian tree.
9. (a) St. Albans, (b) Bath.
10. No; gold is weighed by troy weight (12 ounces to the pound).
11. 1524, from the Netherlands.
12. Reputed to be the fastest racehorse ever bred. Died 1741.

my companion and I sank into a kind of drowsy repose, while the chief and Kory-Kory seemed to be slumbering beside us.

I awoke from an uneasy nap, about midnight, as I supposed; and, raising myself partly from the mat, became sensible that we were enveloped in utter darkness. Toby lay still asleep, but

Continued on Page 3.

## This England and these English

THE STORIED PAST.

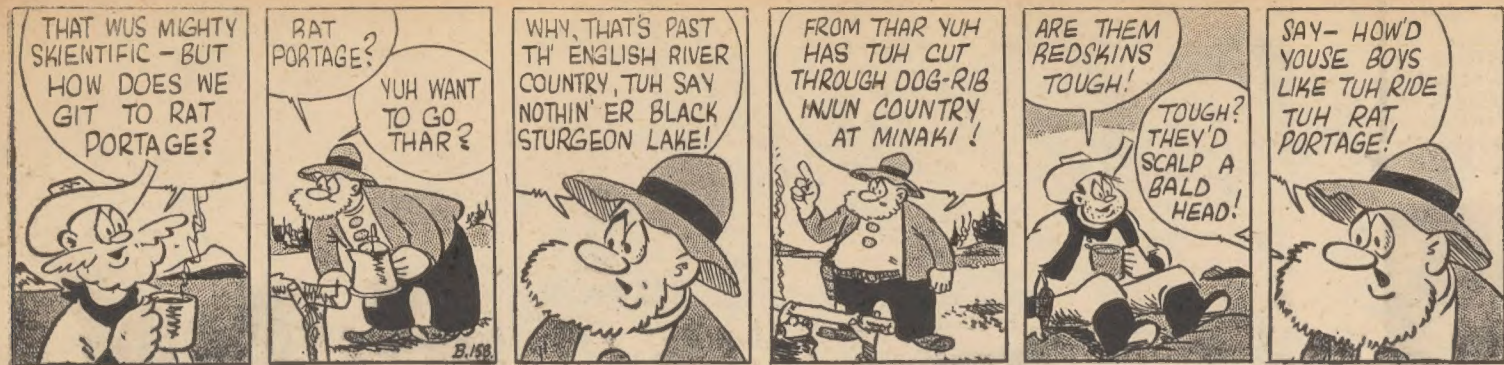
LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

—Tennyson.

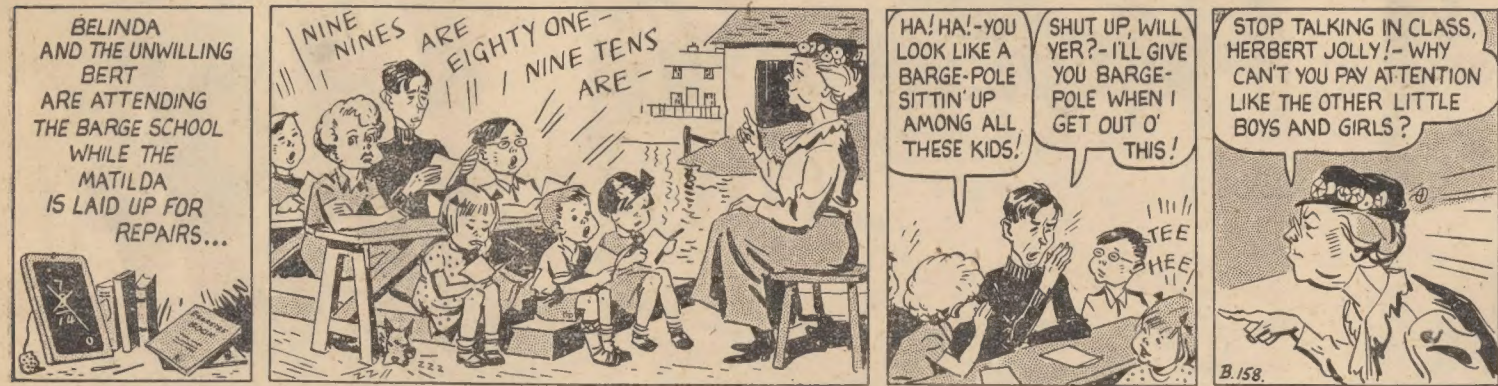
## JANE



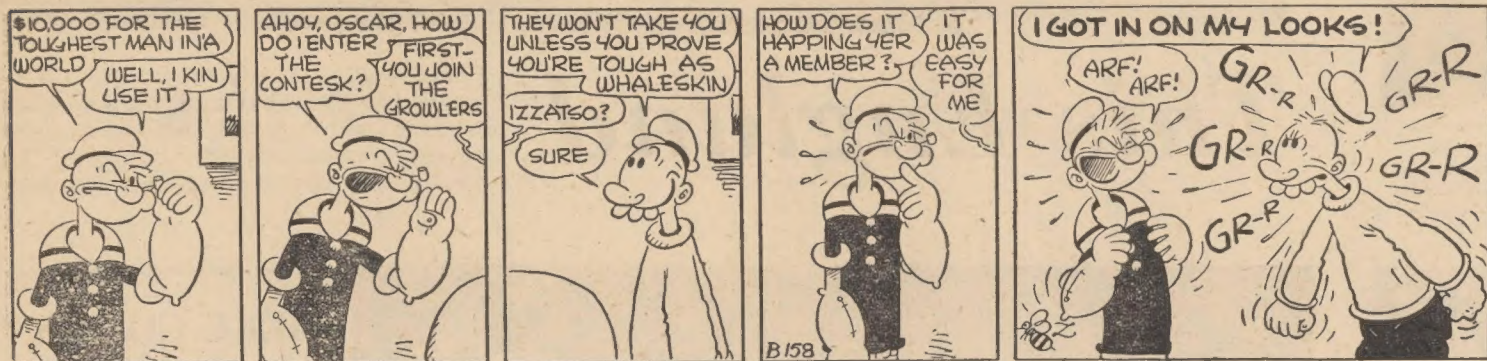
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



HERE'S A NEW SOCCER POOL

From JOHN NELSON

HERE'S another chance for you to keep your hand in at the historic game of soccer pools (first invented in 1866 after William the Conqueror had scored an away win at Hastings).

Just crash-dive into this lot and put the traditional 1-2-x's where you think they ought to go:-

Division I.	
Aston Villa	v. Arsenal
Bolton	v. Leicester
Charlton	v. Middlesbrough
Chelsea	v. Manchester United
Everton	v. Huddersfield
Grimsby	v. Blackpool
Leeds	v. Liverpool
Preston	v. Birmingham
Stoke City	v. Derby
Sunderland	v. Brentford
Wolves	v. Portsmouth
Division II.	
Bradford	v. Fulham
Burnley	v. Norwich
Chesterfield	v. Bury
Coventry	v. Notts Forest
Manchester City	v. Blackburn
Plymouth	v. Millwall
Sheffield Utd.	v. Luton
Southampton	v. Newcastle
Swansea	v. Sheffield Wednesday
Tottenham	v. W.B.A.
Tranmere	v. West Ham
Division III (S.).	
Aldershot	v. Newport
Bristol City	v. Orient
Cardiff	v. Bristol Rovers
Palace	v. Torquay
Exeter	v. Brighton
Mansfield	v. Port Vale
Notts County	v. Northampton
Q.P.R.	v. Walsall
Southend	v. Bournemouth
Watford	v. Swindon
Division III (N.).	
Accrington	v. Bradford City
Barnsley	v. Chester
Carlisle	v. Southport
Darlington	v. Doncaster
Gateshead	v. Rochdale
Halifax	v. New Brighton
Hartlepool	v. Rotherham
Lincoln	v. Crewe Alexandra
Oldham	v. Barrow
Stockport	v. Hull City
Wrexham	v. York City
Scottish League: Division I.	
Aberdeen	v. St. Mirren
Albion Rovers	v. Third Lanark
Clyde	v. Motherwell
Hamilton	v. Partick Thistle
Hearts	v. St. Johnstone
Kilmarnock	v. Ayr United
Queen of the Sth.	v. Celtic
Queen's Park	v. Hibernian
Raith Rovers	v. Arbroath
Rangers	v. Falkirk
Division II.	
Alloa	v. Dundee United
Dumbarton	v. East Fife
Dundee	v. Cowdenbeath
Dunfermline	v. St. Bernard's
East Stirling	v. Montrose
Edinburgh	v. Morton
Forfar Ath.	v. Brechin
King's Park	v. Airdrie
Leith	v. Stenhousemuir

All matches were played on the same Saturday before the war. To-morrow we'll give you the correct results. Count one point for each home win forecast correctly; two for each away, and three for a draw.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

our late companions, had disappeared.

The only sound that interrupted the silence of the place

Apprehensive of some evil, I roused my comrade, and we were engaged in a whispered conference concerning the unexpected withdrawal of the natives, when all at once, from the depths of the grove, in full view of us where we lay, shoots of flame were seen to rise, and in a few moments illuminated

the surrounding trees, casting, by contrast, into still deeper gloom the darkness around us.

While we continued gazing at this sight, dark figures appeared moving to and fro before the flames; while others, dancing and capering about, looked like so many demons.

ODD CORNER

A GROOM hunt servant, or other horseman, always expects to fall off his horse within a few days of putting on a new coat. The coat is not "broken in" until the wearer has taken a toss.

A surveyor, measuring the circumference of a stack for valuation purposes, must walk round it in a clockwise direction. Otherwise he will certainly get tipsy before nightfall.

As proof of their occupa-

tion, Sussex shepherds used to be buried with a tuft of sheep's wool on their chests. This was to explain their continued absence from church on Sundays.

A poker, stood upright in front of a dull fire, is said to "draw it up." Asked why people did this, Dr. Johnson said, "They play the trick, but it does not make the fire burn. In days of superstition, they thought, as it made a cross with the bar, it would drive away the witch."

Conchita Supervia, the famous singer, carried many odd things in her pockets for luck. They included a silver trumpet, an old Spanish

fairy-tale, and one of her son's milk-teeth!

At Biddenden, Kent, there has from time immemorial been a free distribution of cakes, bread and cheese to the local poor every Easter Sunday afternoon. The cakes are stamped with an impression of two girls joined together, and the legend is that the charity was founded by a pair of Siamese twins named Preston, who spent the thirty years of their lives ministering to the poor. The source of the charity is about 28 acres of land, called the Bread and Cheese Lands, and on one occasion no less than 600 cakes, 270 loaves and 3½ lbs. of cheese were distributed.

Regarding this new phenomenon with no small degree of trepidation, I said to my companion, "What can all this mean, Toby?"

"Oh, nothing," replied he; "getting the fire ready, I suppose."

"Fire!" exclaimed I, while my heart took to beating like a trip-hammer, "what fire?"

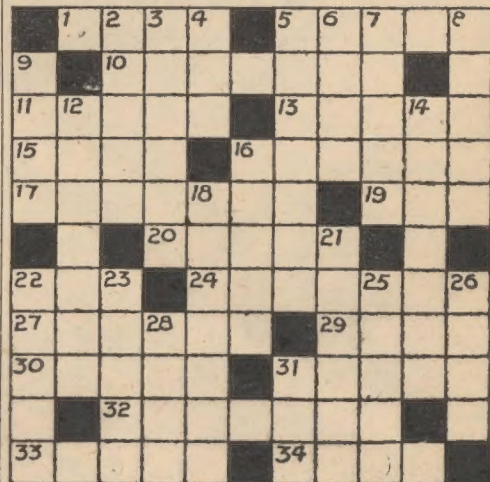
"Why, the fire to cook us, to be sure; what else would the cannibals be kicking up such a row about, if it were not for that?"

"Oh, Toby! have done with your jokes; this is no time for them: something is about to happen, I feel confident."

"Jokes, indeed!" exclaimed Toby, indignantly. "Did you ever hear me joke? Why, for what do you suppose the devils have been feeding us up?"

(Continued to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- Unit of rainfall.
  - Wire frame works.
  - Learned.
  - Jargon.
  - Trunk.
  - Slave.
  - Worldly rich.
  - Detected.
  - Wily.
  - More certain.
  - Nonsense.
  - Tells.
  - Ejects.
  - Venture.
  - Punishable.
  - Primary.
  - Greek.
  - Yorkshire town.
  - In addition.

- CLUES DOWN.
- Black.
  - Small holdings.
  - Rough house.
  - Fortress.
  - Wrap.
  - Microbes.
  - Hard and fixed.
  - Perch.
  - Chide.
  - Joins with metal.
  - Ponds.
  - Marine reptiles.
  - Having spokes.
  - Ward off.
  - Tint.
  - Lakes.
  - Pieces of pasteboard.
  - Cry of reproach.

GLIB SHARE  
PROCURE BAR  
LAPEL ADAGE  
ODE GAMES C  
PUSHED TEST  
A AROSE W  
FLAG PARSED  
A MUFTI PRY  
UPPER LEAVE  
NIL EXERTED  
AGENT DEED

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## INSIDE

Yet "miles away" in thought. You can almost see what they're looking at. Can't you imagine an acrobat just holding a most dangerous balance, or is it a roaring lion refusing to obey the command of its gorgeously attired tamer.



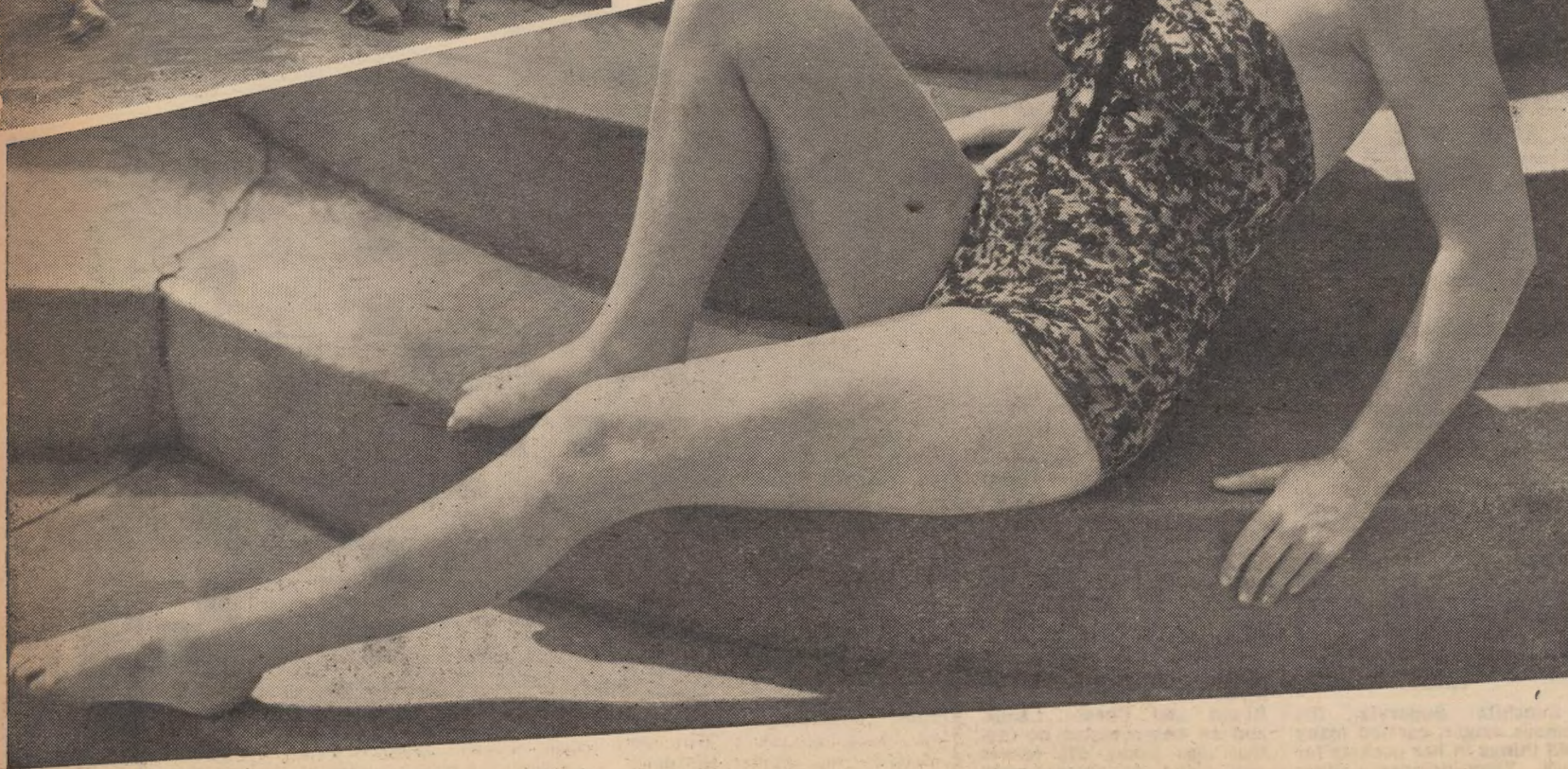
## AND OUT

But there's obviously something to be seen, even from the outside. If only the people inside would keep still, one would have a chance to watch those clowns doing their stuff. There, now, just as he was right opposite, too, drat it.



## This England

The bonnie, sturdy lasses of Cullercoats, Northumberland, help to haul in the fishing boats, which, despite enemy mine-sowing, continue to gather in the harvest of the sea.



## HERE COMES THE SUN

Or the pleasant art of getting "browned off" step by step. June Rogers, swimming instructress at Roehampton Swim Pool, finds herself aground, so decides to make the most of the sun's warm rays. How about a rescue party for Roehampton, chaps?

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I used to like May, but I'm all for June Now."

